He is within with two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord again,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome cõference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraignte thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What ſayes your Lord?
Cat. My L. he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troupes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Biſhops aloft.
Maior. See where he ſtands between two Clergy men.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

Famous Plantagenet, mo
Lend fauourable eares to
And pardon vs the interr
Of thy deuotion and righ
Glo. My Lord, there ne
I rather do beſeech you pa
Who earneſt in the ſeruic
Neglect the viſitation of
But leauing this, what is y
Buc. Euen that I hope w
And all good men of this
Clo. I do ſuſpect, I haue
That ſeemes diſgratious in
And that you come to re
Buc. You haue my Lor
At our entreaties to amen
Glo. Elſe wherfore brea
Buc. Then know it is y
The ſupreame Seate, the
The Sceptred office of yo
The lineall glory of your
To the corruption of a bl
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe
Which here we waken to
This noble Ile doth want
Her face defac't with ſtars
And almoſt ſhouldred in
Of blind forgetfulneſſe an
Which to recure we hearti
Your Gracious ſelfe to tak
Not as Protector, Stewe
Nor lowly Factor for an
But as ſucceſſiuely from bl
Your right of birth, your
For this conſorted with th
Your worſhipfull and ver
And by their vehement i
In this iuſt ſute come I to

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